

THE  
ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW,

OR A LATE

TRIP to the N O R E.

BEING

A POETICAL EPISTLE

From HODGE in Town to DICK in the COUNTRY.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

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*William Cooke*

By a Descendant of the great SCRIBLERUS.

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L O N D O N,

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ROYAL NAVAL INSTITUTE

THE ROYAL NAVAL INSTITUTE  
LONDON

A POLITICAL TRINITY

AND HOW IT TOWNSHIP IN THE

WITH NOTES ON THE

BY

LONDON

BY

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THE  
ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW, &c.

I.

How shall I tell where I have been,

Where I the rarest things have seen?

O Dick! beyond a doubt,

Such *fights* again cannot be found,

Such *tricks* ne'er play'd on *English* ground,

But by the *self-same Rout*.

B

At



II.

At a Great House, hard by the way  
 Where we do sometimes sell our hay ;  
 My memory here but lame is ;  
 Pshaw ! where folks *say* what they don't *mean* ;  
 Plague ! 'rat it now, what is its name !  
 Oh ! aye—'tis call'd *St. James's*.

III.

Out of this place, a motley crew,  
 Some dress'd in scarlet, some in blue,  
 In two's and two's came leaning ;  
 They look'd so much inclin'd to please,  
 They laugh'd and talk'd with so much ease,  
 I thought it *Peace* proclaiming.

Among



IV.

Among the rest, *One*, plaguy fine,

(His head much bigger was than thine)

Pas'd by me—'twas the King—

O Dick ! I trembled o'er and o'er ;

Nay, do not blame me, who before

Ne'er look'd on such a Thing. \*

\* "*Ne'er look'd on such a Thing.*" ] As we are *daily* told by the authority of *two morning Prints*, that many of his Majesty's subjects (particularly those who are commonly said to be in Opposition) are tainted with *Republican* principles; and lest the above line might be thought in any wise, to favour so *pernicious* a doctrine, the *King's Friends* are respectfully informed, that *Honor*, here only means to express his admiration at the *first full blaze of Majesty*.

The

## V.

The Prince came next, a goodly Youth,

Who, if his face speaks any truth,

Has store of great good-nature.

The Maids look'd at him s'if they'd burn ;

He look'd upon the Maids in turn,

And smil'd in ev'ry feature.

## VI.

Two Colonels follow'd, side by side ;

One helps the King, they say, to ride,

The other tends his table ;

But who, or whatsome'er they be,

Two such those eyes did never see

'Bout pantry-house, or stable.

Next

VII.

Next GOLDSTICK came, all daub'd in lace,  
 And, if I don't mistake, his face  
 Was daub'd with somewhat too;  
 He look'd so cherry red and white,  
 He scarce could honestly come by't,  
 And live as Courtiers do.

VIII.

Pages and Beef-Eaters array'd  
 In patchwork, clos'd this cavalcade;  
 A set of motley elves!  
 One *bold the tails up*, DICK, at Court;  
 T'other, nor think I am in sport,  
*Wear petticoats themselves.*



## IX.

Now all take coach, and, leaving town,  
 They whirl away, up hill and down,  
     So quick they scarce are seen ;  
 'Till, lo ! behold the troop arrive  
 Merry as grigs, and all alive,  
     At *Greenwich*, on the Green.

## X.

Here the Lord Admiral, in his gear,  
 With Governor 'Squire PALLISEER,  
     Stood forth in bright array ;  
 The guns so roar'd, the drums did rattle,  
 I should have thought it was a battle,  
     But that *they look'd so gay.*

The

[ 11 ]

XII.

XI.

The Monarch nodded to Sir HUGH,  
Much as to say, "Pray, how do you do?"

Sir HUGH did lowly bend;  
And was it not a gracious one,  
To single out the only man  
Who scarcely has a friend?\*

ALL

\* *Who scarcely has a friend.*] This must not be understood too strictly, as the Moralists tell us there are two species of Friendship: the one, which has virtue for its basis; the other commonly called, "the Friendships of the World;" which last, according to ADDISON, are often confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

ALL

XII.

Ah! RICHARD, how could some volks say  
 The 'Squire would *signals not obey!*  
 When I'll be sworn on book  
 This day he knew so well his trade,  
 Never a *Royal Signal* made,  
 But *instantly he took.*

XIII.

The Company behold, now plac'd  
 In nice trim boats gilt to the waift,  
 To see the Royal Fleet,  
 Which lately maul'd the *Dutchmen* so,  
 That weary'd out, blow after blow,  
*We forc'd were to retreat.*

Ah!



## XIV.

Ah! *Zoutman*, could you see the same,  
 Or *Hartfinke*,\* with your *ominous* name,  
     'Mongst hulls and sails such smashing,  
 'Twould shew you what you *gues's'd* before,  
 What *great fatigues* our Admiral bore,  
     To give you such a threshing.

## XV.

Dash through the waves the boats' crew fly,  
 Now up and down, now low, now high,  
     What though the welkin roar'd,  
 On their stout hearts alone relying,  
 The fifes play'd on, the flags kept flying,  
     Until they got on board.

D

And

\* *Zoutman* and *Hartfinke*, two Dutch admirals; the former lately fought Admiral *Parker's* fleet.

## XVI.

And now strange things ran in my head:  
 As I had often heard it said,  
 Statesmen bad pilots be,  
 And sometimes run the vessel they'd guide,  
 'Gainst good advice, and wind, and tide,  
 To founder in the sea.

## XVII.

Or should the Dutch, as *heretofore*,\*  
 Thought I, push in 'twixt shore and shore,  
 And take our Fleet away:  
 In either case what should we do?  
 To lose our King and Statesmen too,  
 Alack! alack a day!

Whilst

\* Or should the Dutch, as *heretofore*] In 1667, the Dutch fleet appeared in  
 in  
 in

## XVIII.

Whilst thus furrounded by my fears,  
 His Majesty again appears,  
 And makes towards the strand :  
 The Courtiers too, a faithful pack,  
*Run with the stream, turn with the tack,*  
 And now they're safe on land.

It

in the Thames, under the command of De Ruyter, and threw the English into the utmost consternation. Sheerness was soon taken; and, having the advantage of a spring tide, they pressed on, and broke the chain that had been drawn across the river Medway, burned six ships; and it was apprehended that they might, next tide, sail up the Thames, and extend their hostilities even to the bridge of London. It is likewise remarkable, that some of the bloodiest and hardest-fought battles the English ever had at sea were with the Dutch; though now (being engaged in a *quadruple* war) the *policy* of the times requires we should despise them.



## XIX.

It boots not here to swell my tale,  
 How next to *Chatham* they did sail,  
 What piping, and what drumming!  
 How *work'd* the Prince was *up and down*;  
 What *Messengers* were sent to town,  
 To tell the King was coming.†

Left

\* *How work'd the Prince was up and down.*] The messenger sent by the King, and who arrived yesterday evening, gave an account that the Prince of Wales *had been very sea-sick*; but that the King had not been for a moment affected with any *motion*——of the ship.

† *To tell the King was coming.*] His Majesty is not expected here before Wednesday next; *but a messenger comes every day to the Queen*, with a paquet from the King and Prince of Wales.

*Vide Public Prints of Tuesday, Aug. 21.*

## XX.

Less boots it that the Muse should morrice,\*

In mournful pace, to *Windsor* terrace;

To tell what there was done;

How that the Royal Offspring walk'd,

And sadly look'd, and sadly talk'd,

Their Royal Father gone;†

E

All

XXX

\* "Morrice," a cant word signifying "to move;" though it boasts an higher authority from Milton in his *Masque of Comus*:

"The sounds and seas with all their finny drove

"Now to the moon in waving *morrice* move."

† *And sadly look'd, and sadly talk'd,* } In the afternoon, her Majesty (in

*Their Royal Father gone,* } the absence of her Royal Consort) appeared on the Terrace with her Royal Children, and *talked* and *walked* there till it was dark; and, as usual, behaved with the greatest condescension and affability, returning the salutes of the company. When it began to grow dark, the Queen curtsy'd to the company, and retired.

*Vide Public Prints of Tuesday, Aug. 21.*

## XXI.

\* All this, Friend Dick, thou mayst suppose,  
 As 'twould be tiresome, ev'n in prose,  
 To give the whole relation.  
 Suppose the Party then return'd  
 All safe and sound, except *sun-burn'd*,  
 Each in his proper station.

## XXII.

And now, my tale in some sort ended,  
 Guess, DICK, to what this *show-game* tended?  
 Why, in all likelihood  
 Thou'lt say, "To ease the Poor Man's rate,  
 "To low'r the price of Butcher's meat,  
 "Or some such public good."



XXIII.

Or, gueffing on, you'll fay "'Twas for  
 "To put an end to this here war ;"  
 (Why fo thought I and KATE).  
 No ;—'twas to dub a valiant Knight,  
 And thus, as how, fet matters right  
 About fome Lord's miftake.†

But

† "About fome Lord's miftake."] Vide the Gazette account of Admiral PARKER's late action on the *Dogger-Bank*, dated Admiralty-office, Auguft 9, 1781 ; wherein he fays, "The Enemy's force was, I believe, *much fuperior to what their Lordfhips apprehended.*" For a fuller explanation of this paffage, we muft refer our Readers to *the Journals of the Houfe of Commons of next Seffion.*

XXIV.

But mark how *great designs* are blighted!  
 The Tar, he said, " would *not be knighted*,  
 " He'd keep his *Christian\** name :  
 " He did his duty and no more,  
 " And wish'd that *one great Lord on shore†*  
 " *Had done by him the same.*"

The

\* " *He'd keep his Christian name.*" ] As it was said to be at the instance of a certain Lord the Admiral *was* to be knighted, and some doubts arising about the *orthodoxy* of that Noble Lord's *christian principles*,—it is generally imagined the Admiral refused the Honour of Knighthood, merely because he would not receive this species of *second baptism* through such a medium.

† " *That one great Lord on shore.*"——*No name.*

## XXV.

The matter's long, and somewhat dark ;

Beside, I'm but a scurvy Clerk,

And one of the Beholders :

But what I learn'd from one and all,

The King's *Great Sword of State* should fall

On *other People's shoulders*.\*

## XXVI.

But mum, dear Dick ; for, should this scrawl

Into some Lawyer's hands but fall,

In Justice they're such flinters,

F

Instead

\* "*On other People's shoulders.*" As this may cut both ways, Commentators as well as other people, should be warned by the old proverb, "*not to meddle with edge tools.*"



Instead of going back to *Shields*,

I may be sent to *George's Fields*,

To *christmas with the Printers*†

And one of the *Beholders* :

† "To *christmas with the Printers*," vide *Modern Reports*, Trinity  
Term, 1781. *Russia Binding*.

## THE END.

But mum, dear Dick ; for, should this crawl

Into some Lawyer's hands but fall,

In Justice they're such finders

Instead